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Without a Home

Alexis Hamlin

Monroe Community College

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Without a Home

He snapped around the bend on Henry Street.
Seconds later, high beam lights infringed

in the cracked apartment window. The Ram's horn
uproars the silent, cool midnight vibe. Quickly

dodging shards of mirror glass in the carpet,
Mom unpacked twice, then packed again.

Work shoes, toothbrushes, formula,
my bookbag, and Em's diapers. She paused—

gazed over at my sister in her car seat,
drool dripping and glossing over her bunny.

My mom, stuck on Em, then me—
Her chickadees, she called us. Said we glowed.

The horn on his candy-apple red pickup
blared on, so loud, Mom covered her ears

fell into the floor and cried diamonds brighter
than his broken glass, brighter than us,

and she knew the answer right then—
we weren't ready to go back to that empty house.